My water's on the earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King Richard how he lookes.

The trumpets sound, Richard appeareth on the walls.

Bull. See see King Richard doth himselfe appeare,
As doth the blushing discontented Sunne,
From out the fierie portall of the East,
When he perceiues the enuious cloudes are bent
To dimme his glorie, and to staine the tracke
Of his bright passage to the Occident.
Yorke Yet lookes he like a King, beholde his eye,
As bright as is the Eagles, lightens forth
Controlling maiestie; alacke alacke for woe,
That any harme should staine so faire a shew.
King We are amazde, and thus long haue we stoode,
To watch the feareful bending of thy knee,
Because we thought our selfe thy lawfull King:
And if wee be, howe dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awefull duety to our presence?
If we be not, shew vs the hand of God
That hath dismist vs from our Stewardship;
For well we know no hand of bloud and bone
Can gripe the sacred handle of our Scepter,
Vnlesse he do prophane, steale, or vsurpe.
And though you thinke that all as you haue done
Haue torne their soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren and bereft of friends:
Yet know, my maister God omnipotent,
Is mustering in his cloudes on our behalfe,
Armies of pestilence, and they shall strike
Your children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your vassaile hands against my head,
And threat the glorie of my precious crowne.
Tell Bullingbrooke, for yon me thinkes he standes,
That euery stride he makes vpon my land,
Is dangerous treason; he is come to open
The purple testament of bleeding warre:

But

But ere the crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thousand bloudy crownes of mothers sonnes,
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the complexion of her maid-pale peace,
To scarlet indignation and bedew
Her pastors grasse with faithfull English bloud.
North. The King of heauen forbid: our Lo: the king
Should so with ciuill and vnciuill armes,
be rusht vpon, Thy thrise noble Cosen,
Harry Bullingbrooke doth humbly kisse thy hand,
And by the honorable tombe he sweares,
That stands vpon your roiall grandsires bones,
And by the roialties of both your blouds,
Currents that spring from one most gratious head,
And by the buried hand of warlike Gaunt,
And by the worth and honor of himselfe,
Comprising all that may be sworne or said,
His comming hither hath no further scope,
Then for his lineall roialties, and to beg
Infranchisement immediate on his knees,
Which on thy roiall partie granted once,
His glittering armes he will commend to rust,
His barbed steeds to stables, and his hart
To faithfull seruice of your Maiesty.
This sweares he, as he is princesse iust,
And as I am a gentleman I credit him.
King Northumberland, say thus, the King returnes,
His noble Cosen is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demaunds,
Shall be accomplisht without contradiction,
With all the gratious vtterance thou hast,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
King We do debase our selues, Cosen do we not,
To looke so poorely, and to speake so faire?
Shall we call backe Northumberland and send
Defiance to the traitor and so die?
Aum. No good my Lo: lets fight with gentle words,